

# For T. H.

*by* Ellie Lee

For T.H.

The fulbright sun  
long faded  
and the wan  
spring smile  
of the Devon daffodils  
tried  
and found wanting.  
Your ouija board  
played  
you false  
and whole continents  
lost their magic.

In your room  
her coffin elm  
filled  
the empty space  
between you  
and stood  
in judgement -

you could not  
be  
her dead daddy.

And when it was  
with daddy

she chose to lie  
they blamed you,  
pronounced you guilty,  
you and your errant cock,  
and howled emasculation;  
hounded you,  
cornered  
the thought fox,  
snarled  
your culpability  
and bayed murderer.  
Imprisoned you  
with their hate  
sentenced you  
to silence.

For solitary decades  
you who knew her  
mind,  
knew her best,  
who recognised  
her demons,  
brooded  
in isolation.  
Alone  
you captured her memory  
and with your birthday letters  
signed  
your own release.

